Porcelain: Breakable Poems

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Abdul Batin Bey

Marley Mocha Ink
2016

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First Printing: 2016

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Dedication

Kristin Penta, who always believes in me
Life isn’t possible without you

Angels Hear

I hear the angels
I hear the angels
Muffled voices, breeze
Insignificant
World changing
Open your ears

I hear the angels
I hear the angels

Distant muted
Barely noticed
Quiet pure
Open your heart

I am the leaf
Letting go of the branch
Gently falling from grace
Surrounded by the buzzing sounds
Only to land on the ground
Unknown place of death
Still bound to the nature of birth

I hear the angels
I hear the angels

Big bang two

I’m lost in time without you
I’m vanished from space without you

You always bring me back

You always bring me back
Even if I’m just a memory

We are connected beyond words
We are two really we are one

You always bring me back
You always bring me back
From the brink of collapse

I’m a drift
Drowning in explosive suns
Evaporating remaining whole

Your tears
Proclaimed my existence
Before my birth
After my death

You always bring me back
You always bring me back
Even if I’m just a memory

Bubbles

Amber bubbles
Rising in my glass
To the thick head
Lost in illusion
Influenced by the idle
Nothing becomes accomplished

Cat-It

Psychotic- Mantic
Freeze Frame- Frantic
Impulse- Closet
Dead End- Cycle

I the bush in flames
Never hearing a word
Holy Presence is here
No one wants to accept

Who am I to preach to the masses?
When I’m just as messed up as them
Who am I to call aloud?
When all my flaws are inside

I’m no different than they
I’m worse than they are
I should have known better

A lounging cat on a coffee table
That’s all I am
A lounging cat on a coffin table
Next to a glass of seltzer water

Days

Days wasted
Glazed eyes
Soft glow
Computers
Phones
Television
The outside world
Its noise
Its beauty
Ever becoming more alien
While the numbness is more and more normal

Days wasted
Days wasted

Deleted Hour

Cracks in the wall
Dimension overload
Cracks in the wall
All-seeing eye peering
Cracks in the wall
Light shimmering movement
Cracks in the wall
Ignore the corners of your pupils

Angelic green eyes
Gaze up at the moonless night
Waiting for a moment
Surely to come
Out of sync with your expectations
Cracks in the wall

Dimension overload
Cracks in the wall
All-seeing eye peering
Cracks in the wall
Light shimmering movement
Cracks in the wall
Ignore the corners of your pupils

Found it

I was looking for comfort
In a dry harsh environment
I was looking for peace
Among the savages of war
I was looking for truth
From the tongues that lie
Until one day
I picked up a book
Forgotten, dusty
In reading this book I found the truth
I found peace
I found comfort
The bone desert was now teaming with springs
Lush gardens, tropical fruit
Riches beyond riches
Each word brought me new life
New revelation
The name of this book is called the Qur’an

God Power Street

All you need is God
Don’t need sects that cause division
Don’t need learned men with there own agendas
Don’t even need prophets there only human
What you need is the Most High
Live, breath, express thankfulness and joy
It is HE that created you
He that allows you to live
He that will decide the hour of your death

He that will call-raise you up, calls you back
Everything else is just sideline
Walk with our Father and you'll never go wrong
Run with something else you might not like where it leads you
All you need is God
All you need is God

Jesus Returns

When Jesus returns
He's going to break your hearts
Break your crosses
Undoing the lies you spread

When Jesus returns
He's going to shatter your dreams
Shatter your jaws

Undoing the words you placed in
his mouth

The pity I feel
For the ones who spread lies
In his name

The pity I feel
For the ones who torment
In his name

When Jesus returns
He’s going to break your hearts
Break your crosses
Undoing the lies you spread

The pity I feel
For the ones who spread lies
In his name
The pity I feel
For the ones who torment
In his name

When Jesus returns
You better run
When Jesus returns

You better hide
When Jesus returns
You better run
When Jesus returns
You better hide

Lord God

Lord God
Nothing compares to you
Master of All
Through his mercy we have free will
By his grace we exist
Who but the prideful do not pay him respect?
A respect of awe, of Love

Lord God
I am yours
Your will is my will
Your love is my love
Any other way is a fool’s errand

All glory
All praise
All of Creation
Belongs solely to you
My God my King

Old City Shut

Sleep now Old City
Close your eyes to the lurking
Dream while the nightmares breed
Clawing, gnawing, vomiting on your walls
Lurking shadows feeding on the wayward

Sleep Old City
Pretend the living darkness isn’t real
Tight eyes wait for dawn’s relief
Forcing your subconscious into submission
Even if the cages bars are twisted

How long Old City
You cannot continue this dualism indefinitely

Without warning the sun will refuse
Aborted children will freely roam
As it was in the time of the void

Until that night
Sleep

Sleep it all away

Over and Over

Over and over
In my mind
I chant
All glory belongs to God
All glory belongs to God
All glory belongs to God
All glory belongs to God

The world around me
Slows
Until each second
Pools into years

Every microscopic cell
Appears layered on layers

Blocks of life unfold

All glory belongs to God
All glory belongs to God
All glory belongs to God
All glory belongs to God

Tick Down

Tick down with me Old Clock
Tick down with me
I was ounce wound up
Many years ago
The hour of me will soon stop
Someone else’s hour will start
Do not leave me just yet
Give me the privilege of hearing
your tick stop

Over and Over

Trust in God

This world
With its luxuries
Vices
Temptations
Offer nothing
Only God can provide
Real value
Justice
Peace
All one needs

The world is a banner

God is plentiful

Wounded Hearts

(A Shakespearian poem)

The moon speaketh through
waves
Joy rises only to vade
Beneath the skin

The sun talks through a veil
Sadness cometh only to leaveth
Behind the eyes

Am I no longer the greatest love?
Mine visage hath changed but I
am still the same

Doest mine wine no longer
intoxicates thee?

Wrestling with mine heart I am
torn
Knowing we can never repeat
those fusty days
If’t be true our love is dead mine
feelings wilt retreat
I wilt settle for friendship instead

Still I would go to Hades and back
At a seconds notive
All thou has’t doeth is asketh

Maybe I shouldest has’t
bethought though
Ere I hath shown mine truest form
Impossible wench at each moment
a mystery
Out of reacheth still

The song of River still sings in
mine heart
The Melodic pond still prickles
mine skin

Some loves nev’r leaveth thee
Perfumes linger long after those gents are gone

I can travel through time and space
Still I cannot heal this wounded heart

About the Author

Abdul Batin Osman Bey- Political Activist, Poet, Essayist, lecturer, he has been published in various magazines and anthologies. He attended the Universal Life Church Seminary and the Hakim Bey Diocesan College. He is also the chief editor for the Moorish Orthodox Voice. He lives in New England.

Books by Author:

Letters to the Moorish Community: an Imam-of-self Speaks
Out of Place: Poems of a Misfit
Yowl